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Incidents of Youthful Life;

OR, THE

TRUE HISTORY

OF

WILLIAM LANGLEY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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WILLIAM LANGLEY.

OUR EDWIN WAS NO VULGAR BOY.

Beattie's Minstrel.

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M.DCC.XC.

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BRITAN
NICVM

PREFACE.

IN an age when genius has condeſcended to the capacities of infants, and for their uſe has ſimplified ſcience and illuſtrated manners, it is with diffidence the Author of this little work offers it to the public: yet he truſts a zeal, not to be exceeded, in the cauſe of youth, and the moſt ardent wiſh to blend their pleaſure with their improvement, will plead for him. In this confidence he preſents to them the Hiſtory of William Langley.

They who write narratives, like the following, for the inſtruction and the amuſement of childhood, ſhould eſpecially attend to three circumſtances. Firſt, that all the incidents be ſuch as are natural, and particularly apply to that period of life.

Secondly,

Secondly, that the moral deductions from them ſhould be obvious, practical, and fitted to youthful underſtandings. Thirdly, that the language ſhould be ſimple but not mean, and elegant without affectation.

We have not involved our young hero in any intricate adventures, ſince only ſuch are made to befal him as are common to every ſchool-boy. We have taken him alſo from the ordinary claſs of men, that his example may the more generally apply; and we have advanced him to comfort and competency, and have purpoſely excluded grandeur, that, whilſt induſtry and honeſty ſee before them an adequate reward, the imagination ſhould not be dazzled by the glare of diſtant meteors.

We have endeavoured to point each more remarkable incident with its appropriate moral, and to render them natural and familiar; and, as the pureſt

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ſource of all virtuous practice, we have referred our young readers to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures.

Knowing well that the words and phraſes which are acquired in infancy adhere through life; and, as well as habits, mark either good or ill breeding; we have been very anxious that no vulgar terms ſhould ſteal into our little Hiſtory.—At the ſame time, to render it facile to young learners, we have rejected all long, hard, and uncommon words: thus endeavouring to give that middle ſtyle of diction which in common diſcourſe, at leaſt, is perhaps the politeſt that can be uſed by all ages and ranks of men.

Such has been our aim in this work; but it may be feared we have rather planned than performed; and that our claims from it will be more to the merit of well intending, than to the praiſe of full execution.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Incidents of Youthful Life;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF

WILLIAM LANGLEY.

§ 1.

LET all little boys who wiſh to obtain the love of their friends, and the eſteem of the world, who deſire to proſper and to be happy, liſten to the True Hiſtory of William Langley.

Children, when they are taught to read, are not always ſenſible how great a kindneſs they receive: many,

indeed, think themſelves very hardly treated, in being obliged to learn their book, becauſe it gives them at firſt ſome trouble.—But they ſhould be told, and they ſhould remember, that nobody loves a dunce; that he who will not learn what his parents or maſters endeavour to teach him, will get none of thoſe things which all little folks deſire to have, ſuch as play-things and preſents of different kinds*.—But this will more clearly be ſeen in the account which we propoſe to give of our young hero. We ſhall, therefore, deſcribe all his

* Not to ſay any thing of their being deprived of the pleaſure of reading ſuch little Hiſtories as this of ours.

errors, and all his virtues, without any reſerve: by which it will appear, that his errors always made him unhappy, and involved him in ſcrapes and trouble; but his virtues, at laſt, got the better of his faults and vexations, and rendered him happy in himſelf, and reſpected by all mankind. We hope, therefore, that our young readers of every deſcription will learn by his example, which we record for their improvement, to avoid his defects, and to imitate his laudable qualities.

§ 2.

William Langley was the ſon of William and Hannah Langley who

kept a linen-draper's ſhop in the city of Norwich: his parents were, it is true, not very rich, but every body eſteemed them for their honeſty; and what tells greatly to their praiſe is, that, from having nothing in the world, they raiſed themſelves by their induſtry to a ſtate of decency and comfort.—— Nobody ſhould be deſpiſed becauſe they happen to be poor; and when poor people, by their good conduct, obtain property, they ſhould be ſo much the more reſpected. Children may alſo be aſſured, that the bleſſing of God attends upon induſtry, but that contempt and want are the followers of idleneſs. Old Mr. Lang-

ley, and a brother of his, whoſe name was James Langley, witneſſed the truth of this in a ſtriking manner. They were both put out to try their fortunes in the world at the ſame time. William was bound apprentice to a linen-draper, and James to a taylor. William was always ſober and honeſt, went every Sunday to church, never kept any bad company, and carefully minded his buſineſs. James, on the contrary, was a very idle fellow: when he was ſent on an errand, he ſtaid and played at marbles with the dirty and naughty boys in the ſtreets, of whom he learned, not to ſpeak the truth, as well as to ſay bad words.

His maſter was, at length, ſo angry, that he would keep him no longer, and ſent him away. He afterwards became a beggar, and ſuffered very great hardſhips; and muſt have died from diſtreſs and diſeaſe, if he had not been aſſiſted by his good brother. William, when his time was out, took a little ſhop, and began firſt of all in a very ſmall way: but when the neighbours ſaw how ſober and careful he was, they all made a point of dealing with him: by which, in a few years, he got money enough to enable him to buy the ſtock, and take the houſe, of a man of credit in the ſame trade, who was leaving buſineſs; after which he married

married a very plain, but worthy woman, by whom he had ſeveral children; and he always maintained his family with great decency and good order.

§ 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Langley had, after their marriage, two or three children who did not ſurvive the dangers and diſorders to which all infants are expoſed; ſuch as the ſmall-pox, the meaſles, worms, and the great pain and fever which are produced by the teeth forcing themſelves through the gums. Children, therefore, cannot be too thankful, nor behave too well, to their parents,

and thoſe ſervants who take care of and nurſe them when they are in ſo very weak and helpleſs a ſtate. After ſome years they had this little boy, William, who, by very great and conſtant care, got the better of all the above complaints. As his father and mother were very fond of him, when he was about two years and a half old, they ſent him to a good old woman who lived in the country, about four miles from Norwich, that he might have the benefit of the air, and where, at the ſame time, he might be at ſuch a diſtance as to admit of their going to ſee him as often as they could properly do ſo. The air of ſo large a place

as

as Norwich, where there is a great deal of ſmoke and dirt, and where there are a great number of bad ſmells, which are produced by the number of different trades there practiſed, is not ſo good for children as that of the country.

§ 4.

Little William was a very forward child; and when he was ſent to the old woman, who was his nurſe, he could ſpeak very plainly, and walk or run about as well as many children who were a year older. As he had very good health and great ſpirits, he was more venturous than he ought to have been; and twice he was in very great

great danger of being killed, or at leaſt of being very much hurt, from his going farther from the door than he ought to have gone alone. At the bottom of his nurſe's garden was a ſmall pond, deep enough to drown any little boy or girl; this his nurſe had, on account of ſome ducks which ſhe kept. The good woman always told William not to go near this pond, and he promiſed he never would: but the old ducks happened to have ſome little ones, with which William was ſo pleaſed, that he often ran about the garden after them, trying to catch one. When they were very young he was able to do this, for they could neither run faſt nor

nor far; but, as they grew older, they eaſily got away from him. One fine day his nurſe gave him leave to play in the garden, charging him, as uſual, not to go near the water; but William ſaw the little ducks, and ſoon forgot what he had promiſed. They ran from him, he ran after them; the faſter they waddled, the faſter he ran: at length, they plunged into the water; to the brink of which when William came, he could not ſtop himſelf, ſo he tumbled into the pond, head foremoſt. Luckily for him, his nurſe's daughter was in the garden, hanging out ſome linen. Jenny, for that was her name, went with great haſte, and took

took him out, or he would certainly have been drowned: as it was, he dirtied a nice clean frock, hurt his face and knees, and ſwallowed a great deal of very dirty water. He was ſoon made ſenſible that he had done very wrong; and it is certain that he never, alone, went near that piece of water again. It is proper that all children ſhould know, they may be drowned in a very little quantity of water; which, by entering their mouth and noſtrils, will not only prevent their crying out, but will ſuffocate and kill them: when we ſay ſuffocate, we mean, that it will not ſuffer them to draw their breath. They may alſo learn

learn from this accident, which William Langley met with, how dangerous it is not to do as they are bid by thoſe who are older, and therefore wiſer, than themſelves.

§ 5.

The other eſcape which William had was this:—He was always told not to go into the public road, which was oppoſite to the houſe of his nurſe; for, as ſhe very juſtly ſaid, if you do, William, ſome coach, or poſt-chaiſe, or horſe, may perhaps run over you, and break your limbs, if not kill you. There is George Blow, at the next door, has got only one leg, and is in other

reſpects

reſpects a great cripple. He was one day playing in the road, and a ſtage-coach ran over him; for, as he was ſo little a boy, the coachman could not ſee him. He was a long time very ill, and the ſurgeon was, at laſt, obliged to cut off his leg. William was quite ſhocked to hear this ſad ſtory, and ſaid to himſelf, that he would never play in the road. But to prove how apt little boys are to forget themſelves, that ſame afternoon he ſaw a butterfly as it flew acroſs the road, and away, with his hat in his hand, he ſkipped after it: at that moment a chariot was coming almoſt at full ſpeed; and, had it not been for Jack Aſh-

more,

more, the baker's man, William would certainly have got a miſchief. But Jack caught him up in his arms, and carried him home to his nurſe. William was, at firſt, terribly frightened; and his nurſe, as well ſhe might, ſcolded him ſeverely; but, upon his promiſing to be very careful in future, he was forgiven: and, indeed, it is but doing him juſtice to ſay, that this accident perfectly cured him of going too near the road. Children ſhould never go near coaches, waggons, carts, nor horſes; for, as they are neither quick enough, nor ſtrong enough, to get out of danger, the wiſeſt thing they can do is, never to run into it.

Many

Many children have been made lame all their lives from running into a public road, or a ſtreet, contrary to the commands of their parents and nurſes.

§ 6.

As ſoon as William was four years old, Mr. Langley came one Sunday morning in a one-horſe chaiſe, and took him home to Norwich. As they were riding along, his father told him that he was now to go to ſchool, and learn to read. This William ſaid he ſhould be very glad to do, for he longed much to have one of the golden books which his nurſe had ſhewn him at the ſhop-windows.

windows. When they came to the ſtreet where Mr. Langley lived, William's mamma came out of the door to welcome them home: ſhe was glad to ſee her little boy; and when ſhe heard that he had been in general a very good boy, ſhe made much of him, and boiled him a plum pudding for his dinner. In the afternoon ſhe carried him out to take a walk, and ſhewed him a number of fine things, which he had never ſeen before; and promiſed to buy him a gun and a drum as ſoon as he ſhould tell her his letters. On the next morning, after he had eat a good breakfaſt of bread and milk, Mr. Langley took his ſon to a Mr. Baxley, who kept a day-ſchool

in the neighbourhood, and who was famous for teaching little boys and girls to read. Mr. Baxley was a good-natured man, and began directly to ſhew William ſome of his letters, which he deſired him to remember againſt the afternoon. At twelve o'clock a maid came to carry Langley home to his dinner, and ſhe brought him again at two. Upon his going this ſecond time into the ſchool, he ſaw a boy ſtanding in the middle of the room, with a ſtrange cap upon his head; it was made of red and yellow cloth, and ſome little braſs bells hung from the top, which made a ſtrange jingling noiſe whenever the boy ſtirred. As all his

ſchool-fellows were laughing at him, Langley aſked Charles Mortlock, a good little boy who ſate next him, who that poor fellow was, and why he was placed in the middle of the ſchool, and wore that ſtrange cap. His name, replied Charles, is Drinkwater; he is placed there for all the boys to laugh at; and he wears that cap becauſe he is a dunce, and will not learn his book. Langley was very ſorry for Drinkwater; but, young as he was, he inſtantly reſolved to take great pains, and learn his book as faſt as ever he could, that he might not be obliged to wear the fool's cap. As ſoon as Mr. Baxley called him, he remem-

bered the letters he had been taught in the morning; and was ſhewn ſome more, which he promiſed to repeat to his maſter the next day.

§ 7.

Langley continued conſtantly to improve in his reading under Mr. Baxley; he never played truant, nor ever wore the fool's cap. At five years old he could read very prettily in the Teſtament, and in Dodſley's Fables, which laſt he learnt to repeat by heart: his memory was ſo good, that what he read carefully over two or three times before he went to bed, he could always ſay by heart in the morning.

One

One ſingular ſtory is told of him, when he was not quite five years old. His father and mother wiſhed him to repeat the third chapter of Proverbs, which is a very pleaſing and very uſeful chapter, for it contains, in eaſy and elegant language, the beſt advice in the world. Langley, who was always deſirous to pleaſe his parents, becauſe he loved them, and becauſe they were ſo good to him, began to read it as ſoon as he had got his dinner. Before he went to bed he could ſay it almoſt all; he read it once more before he went up ſtairs with the maid, with whom he ſlept. In the middle of the night he ſate up in

the bed in his ſleep, and repeated the whole chapter without miſſing a word. This appears wonderful, but it is certainly true. They who are in good health often dream of thoſe things which employ their thoughts during the day; and this was the caſe with Langley, who all the afternoon had been ſtudying the third chapter of Proverbs. It was, therefore, impreſſed ſo ſtrongly on his mind, that even ſleep did not make him forget it.

§ 8.

From five years old to ſeven, William Langley paſſed his time like moſt other children.—But it is to be obſerved,

obſerved, that long before he was ſeven he could read, and he could ſpell better than any other little boy in Mr. Baxley's ſchool.—We will relate a few ſtories of him which happened when he was betwixt five and ſeven years old. Then his talents became ſo ſtriking as to attract the notice of Mr. Newton, the curate of the pariſh; and he was removed to a grammar-ſchool, and began to learn Latin, Greek, and French; all which we ſhall afterwards relate, as it cannot fail both to entertain and inſtruct our young readers, for whoſe uſe this book is written. Langley once, and once only, was very perverſe; that is to

ſay, he would not do what he was deſired, when he knew, and when he felt, that what was deſired of him was very proper in itſelf, and therefore to be expected from him. He had learned to ſay by heart the pretty fable of the Beggar and his Dog, which is to be found in Mr. Dodſley's book; he uſed to repeat it to his father and mother very prettily, and it much delighted them to hear him: indeed, they were ſo much pleaſed with him, that they invited Mr. and Mrs. Clements, their next door neighbours, to come and drink tea with them; promiſing them that William ſhould repeat for their amuſement this fable.

When

When the tea things were taken away, he was called upon to ſtand in the middle of the room and ſpeak the fable. To the great vexation of his father and mother, he would not repeat it when he was bid; and Mr. and Mrs. Clements went away uneaſy and diſpleaſed. Mr. Langley was very angry indeed; he could not be otherwiſe: and William was whipped, and ſent to bed without his ſupper. He was ſo unhappy at this, that he could not get a wink of ſleep till very late, and the next morning, without any thing being ſaid to him, he went to the houſe of Mr. Clements, when that gentleman and his wife were at breakfaſt, and

begged leave to repeat to them the fable of the Beggar and his Dog. They were very glad to hear him, and he did not miſs a word. Mr. Clements gave him ſome toaſt and ſome tea; and took him, after breakfaſt, home to his father; who was ſo pleaſed with what he had done, that he not only forgave him, but bought him a new book, and loved him more than ever.

§ 9.

Another thing which happened to Langley was this: — In the city where his father lived there was a great conteſt for a Member of Parliament. The name of one gentleman

man who wiſhed to be elected was Hogg, the name of the other was Stevenſon. Mr. Stevenſon was the favourite of the common people, becauſe he gave them ſtrong beer, and promiſed them a great many fine things. Mr. Hogg was ſupported by all the gentlemen and people of property, becauſe they knew him to be an honeſt man, though he did not profeſs ſo much as his opponent. When Mr. Hogg appeared in his chair on the day of election, the dirty vulgar people cried out, No pork! no pork! no bacon!—William Langley having heard this, when Mr. Hogg came riding in his chair, oppoſite to his father's

father's houſe, he cried out ſo too: No pork! no pork! no bacon!—Mr. Langley ſaw him; and, taking him by his arm, pulled him into the houſe: luckily Mr. Hogg neither ſaw nor heard him.—We tell this ſtory, to ſhew how ignorant and how thoughtleſs all children are, and to teach them how careful they ought to be. It happened, afterwards, that this very Mr. Hogg, whom Langley childiſhly inſulted, proved his very beſt friend, and did him and his family much kind ſervice; which, probably, he would not have done, if he had heard him rudely and vulgarly abuſe him. Old Mr. Langley explained to his ſon the

the danger and the folly of calling people names. It is certainly always fooliſh, for it expoſes ourſelves more than thoſe with whom we are angry; and it is always dangerous, for it may procure us enemies who, one time or other, may do us much and ſerious injury.

§ 10.

We will tell one more ſtory of Langley, which proves his good-nature, but not his prudence. He had heard his father and mother ſay, that we ſhould never grudge giving that to the poor which we either do not want ourſelves, or of which we can eaſily get another.—Mr. and Mrs.

Mrs. Langley had a great deal of charity; and their desire was, that their son William should learn of them to be kind and tender-hearted, whenever he could be so properly. One day as Langley was rambling at some little distance from his father's house, he met a poor little beggar boy, in rags, without any hat. Said William to himself, I have another hat at home, and this poor little boy, I dare say, has none in the world; so I will venture to give him this, which I have on, and which I wear every day. He therefore gave the beggar his hat. When he came home, Where's your hat, my dear? says his mother. Why,—says he, mamma,

mamma, you know I had two hats; and I met a little boy who had not one in the world, ſo I gave him mine.—Mrs. Langley could not be very angry with him, becauſe ſhe knew that he intended to do an act of kindneſs; but ſhe very ſenſibly ſpoke to him thus, which prevented his doing any thing of the ſame kind again: My dear William, it is very right that you ſhould be good-natured; and may always give away that which you do not want yourſelf. But your hat you did want; for your father and I are not rich, and ſhall not chooſe to buy you another hat till this time next year; ſo that your Sunday hat will be ragged and ſhabby before

you

you will have another. When you wiſh to give any thing away, aſk your papa or me firſt; and we will not fail to tell you when you may give what you have to give, and when not.—William thanked his mother for her ſenſible advice, which he always afterwards remembered.

§ 11.

When William was ſeven years old, Mr. Newton, the curate, called upon old Mr. Langley about ſome pariſh buſineſs. Mr. Langley was now ſo much reſpected by all who knew him, that he had been elected Church Warden. It was the buſineſs of the church warden to pay the

the clergyman, every quarter, a ſum of money, which Mr. Newton came to receive. William was playing at marbles in the ſhop; and, as he appeared to be a lively little fellow, Mr. Newton took notice of him, and calling to him—Well, ſir, ſays he, can you give a receipt for money?—Yes, replied William, modeſtly; but I muſt firſt receive the money.—This ſhrewd anſwer ſo pleaſed Mr. Newton, that he began to aſk the boy ſeveral queſtions; and when he found that he could ſay his cathechiſm, read the Bible, and repeat many fables by heart, and gave alſo to other things very ſenſible anſwers, he took old Mr. Langley into another room.

Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing him, I perceive that your ſon has parts better than thoſe of boys in general, and it would be a great pity that they ſhould be either loſt or neglected. I would therefore adviſe you to extend your plan, and ſend him to a grammar-ſchool. I have a friend, proceeded Mr. Newton, who lives in Yorkſhire, who takes a few private pupils: he is a very clever man; and, if you can afford to pay him eighteen or twenty pounds a year, I can anſwer for it that your ſon ſhall be properly inſtructed in Latin and Greek, and the greateſt poſſible care taken of his morals and his health.—Mr. Langley, who was deſirous to give his ſon every advan-

advantage, inſtantly conſented to this propoſal. Mr. Newton wrote to Mr. Snow, who lived at Richmond, in Yorkſhire, and received an anſwer the following week; informing him that he would take William Langley as a ſcholar, upon the terms propoſed. Every thing, therefore, was ſettled; and William was to depart within the ſpace of a month.

§ 12.

All that now remained to be done was, to determine the manner in which Langley was to travel to Yorkſhire. Mrs. Langley was, at firſt, very unhappy at the idea of ſending her ſon to ſo great a diſ-

tance; but when ſhe reflected that it was for his improvement, and future advantage, her conſent was eaſily obtained. Whilſt Mr. and Mrs. Langley were in ſuſpenſe about the mode of ſending their little boy to Yorkſhire, they met, at a neighbour's houſe, the captain of a flour ſhip which conſtantly went backwards and forwards from Yarmouth to Newcaſtle upon Tyne. Upon mentioning to him what was the ſubject of their thoughts, he told them it was in his power to remove all that perplexed them.—I, ſays he, will take the boy to Newcaſtle for nothing; and I am acquainted with a ſober good-natured fellow who drives pack-horſes from New-

Newcaſtle to Richmond: he may ride there with him very pleaſantly, and for a trifling expence. My friend, I will engage for it, will deliver your ſon ſafe at the houſe of his maſter.—Theſe propoſals were accepted with thankfulneſs by Mr. and Mrs. Langley; and the next Sunday was appointed to carry William by the coach to Yarmouth, and put him on board the good ſhip Friendſhip, Captain Allen commander.

§ 13.

When Sunday came, Langley found his heart a little heavy; and indeed his father and mother were neither of them very cheerful: but,

however, they got into the Yarmouth coach; and away they went, as fast as four horses could carry them. William found a tear rising in his eye as he took his last look of the cathedral, or, as it is there called, the great church; but when he thought that he was going to see a number of new places, and new things, he soon became more composed. As soon as they got to Yarmouth, Captain Allen was in the inn yard, ready to meet them.—Come, says he, young gentleman, there is no time to be lost: we have got a fair wind, and the ship is lying-to for us in the roads; so kiss your papa and mamma, and go along with me.—William longed very much to be in

a ſhip, and to ſee the ſea; and this deſire very much leſſened the ſorrow which he would otherwiſe have felt in parting with his good parents: he did cry a little, but not much.—Mr. Langley would go and ſee his ſon ſafe on board: but Mrs. Langley having a very tender heart, thought that, by going along with him to the ſea ſide, ſhe might not be able to conceal her own tears of affection and regret; and ſhe therefore thought it better to go into the inn, and wait the return of her huſband. Mr. Langley took his little boy by the hand, and away they went to the ſea ſide, where a boat was waiting for the captain and his young paſſenger. William took leave of his fa-

ther with a great deal of courage, and ſkipped into the boat. The old gentleman ſtaid till he ſaw his boy ſafe on board; and then, with a ſoftened heart, and moiſt eyes, returned to the inn. As he went, he poured out the warmeſt prayers to Heaven for his ſon's ſafety and welfare.—Mr. and Mrs. Langley ſtaid that night in Yarmouth; but returned home the next morning, without meeting with any accident.

§ 14.

When William firſt got on board he was ſo delighted with the ſhip, that he thought of nothing elſe; but when he had been there a little time, he began to feel himſelf very

very oddly affected; his head turned round, and his ſtomach was uneaſy: he at length became ſo ſick that he vomited profuſely.—This is a complaint to which almoſt all people are liable who have never been at ſea before; but it never does any real injury, and often proves of great benefit. Langley ſoon got rid of his ſickneſs; and, as it was a fine ſummer evening, he choſe to ſtand upon the deck, and look at the ſea, the moon, and the ſtars, till it was very late, rather than go to bed.—The next morning, after a light ſleep, he got up from the captain's bed, where he had lain down. The ſcene was now very different from what it had been the evening before:

ſore: the ſky looked black and diſmal, the winds began to roar, the thunder rolled louder and louder, and it lightened terribly. The ſurface of the ſea, which before was calm, now became rough and ſwelling; and to William, who had never ſeen any thing of the kind before, it appeared very dreadful. He began to cry bitterly; and his ſorrow was increaſed when he thought of his father and mother, whom he never expected to ſee again. He did not, however, forget to ſay his prayers; and the captain, who was a good-natured man, came to him, and comforted him, telling him the ſtorm would ſoon be over, and they ſhould be preſently at Newcaſtle.

Upon

Upon this our young hero began to recover his ſpirits, and at the captain's deſire went and lay down in the cabin. After a ſound ſleep, he leaped out of bed, and ran upon the deck again; when he had the pleaſure to find the tempeſt quite gone, fine weather returned, and the jolly ſailors drinking a bowl of punch, which the captain had given them.

§ 15.

It was the middle of the night when the ſhip approached Tinmouth harbour, which is about ſeven miles from Newcaſtle.—As a war was then expected, orders had been given to a ſixty-gun ſhip, which was at anchor near Tinmouth, to ſend a preſs-

preſs-gang on board every merchant man which ſhould come into the harbour, and take away all the able ſeamen to ſerve his Majeſty, againſt the French and Spaniards. This was therefore done; and, at midnight, armed with piſtols and cutlaſſes, a preſs-gang boarded Captain Allen's ſhip, when William was faſt aſleep in one of the ſailors hammocks. They took all the men they could find; and, coming to the place where poor little Langley was ſleeping, one of them cried out, Jack, here is a boy, ſhall we take him?—As ſoon as he had ſaid this, he took William by the arm, and pulled him out of his hammock. At firſt he was terribly frightened, for

for he ſaw their piſtols and cutlaſſes, and ſuppoſed that they were going to kill him; but when the captain told the officer of the preſs-gang that he was a little boy going to ſchool in Yorkſhire, they ſoon let him go, and begged his pardon for having treated him ſo roughly. They then went away, leaving only the captain and the mate, as they thought, to conduct the ſhip ſafe into harbour: but when they were gone, and by the light of the riſing ſun Mr. Allen perceived no boats near, he gave a whiſtle, and one poor ſailor leaped upon deck, who all the night had been concealed amongſt the ſacks of flour: he was ſo droll a figure, being all over

covered

covered with white duſt, that William, as well as the captain and the mate, laughed heartily to ſee him.

§ 16.

We will here ſtop a little while, to relate two comical incidents which happened at Newcaſtle when William was there, and which were occaſioned by theſe preſs-gangs:—A poor ſailor, who maintained a wife and family in comfort with the wages which he earned in the ſervice of the merchants, was one night taken out of his bed by the preſs-gang, and carried on board the tender, which is a veſſel appointed to receive the preſſed men. This veſſel was placed at no great diſtance

tance from the ſhore. The above ſailor, as he behaved quietly, obtained permiſſion, after he had been on board a few days, to go upon the deck and ſpeak to his wife, who was come to ſee him. After walking up and down with her for ſome minutes, he ſuddenly caught her up in his arms, and ſo leaped with her over-board into the water: he ſwam with her towards the ſhore; and, before the boats of the tender could be got ready to purſue him, he was ſafely landed with his burden.—The people were ſo much pleaſed with his gallantry, that they would not ſuffer the preſs-gang to go after him; and, returning to his father's houſe, who had a little

little farm in the country, they were never able to get him again.—— The other ſtory is this:—A young ſailor, being purſued by the preſs-gang through the ſtreets of Newcaſtle, ran into a clock and watch maker's ſhop: he told the man his danger, who very kindly put him into an empty clock-caſe, locked the door, took out the little key, and put it in his pocket. Preſently the preſs-gang came:—Sir, ſaid they, if we are not miſtaken, a ſailor ran into this ſhop.—I fancy, replied the watch-maker, that you will find yourſelves greatly miſtaken. They however ſearched about; but ſoon went away, without finding the man. When evening came, the good-natured watch-maker let the

the ſailor out; who returned him thanks, and went about his buſineſs.

§ 17.

As ſoon as ever captain Allen could leave his ſhip and go on ſhore, he took Langley with him to the inn which he knew was frequented by John Barclay, who drove the pack-horſes to Richmond. Luckily they met him at the entrance of the inn; when he agreed with Mr. Allen to deliver William ſafe and ſound to Mr. Snow at Richmond; and added, that he intended to ſet off in two days time. Mr. Allen left Langley with Mr. Barclay; and, bidding him be a good boy, he wiſhed him his health, and returned to his veſſel. William

was now left alone, in a ſtrange place, amongſt ſtrangers, whoſe manner of talking he did not eaſily underſtand. The people who live in Newcaſtle uſe different words, and pronounce them in a different manner and tone of voice, from thoſe who live in Norfolk. All this at firſt puzzled and diſtreſſed him: but he ſoon got the better of it; for Barclay was very kind to him, and carried him to take a walk about the town, ſhewing him every thing which was worth a little boy's ſeeing. What ſurpriſed him the moſt was, to ſee a number of little boys and girls running about the ſtreets without ſhoes or ſtockings, and not at all ſeeming to mind it. To be ſure, he had ſeen boys and

girls

girls without ſhoes and ſtockings before; but then they were beggars' children, who, as his papa had told him, were often ſuffered to go ſo, to excite pity, and obtain money. But in Newcaſtle the matter is very different: the children are there all brought up in ſo hardy a manner (that is to ſay, the children of thoſe who are not very rich), that they do not care for the cold; and, by uſe, their feet become ſo callous, that they can hardly be ſaid to want ſhoes. Langley was, however, not at all diſpleaſed at looking down at his own legs, and perceiving that he had a nice pair of new ſhoes, and clean cotton ſtockings. He was alſo ſurpriſed to ſee the women, as well

as men, carrying great burdens upon their heads, without taking hold of them with their hands; and having only a round piece of cloth, ſtuffed with wool, to prevent what they carry from hurting their heads. He aſked Barclay, how they did this? who told him, that it was cuſtom; for, as they began to do ſo when they were children, time rendered it perfectly eaſy to them. It is indeed proper, that all little folks ſhould know and conſider, that whatever they learn to do when they are very young, becomes the more and more eaſy, the older they grow; and, unleſs they think proper to neglect it, will never be forgotten. Neither ſhould they ever be frightened by any thing

ſeeming

ſeeming difficult at firſt: time and induſtry will ſurmount all hardſhips. Another thing which attracted Langley's notice, was the black bread which he ſaw, that people in general ate, not only without any appearance of diſlike, but with eagerneſs and appetite. He was induced to taſte it; and at firſt it ſeemed to him ſo ſour, that he could not ſwallow it: he therefore aſked Mr. Barclay, how any body could eat ſour bread? Why, ſays Mr. Barclay, though it ſeems rather ſour to every body at firſt, by eating it only three or four times that taſte goes away, and it becomes as pleaſant to the palate as it is really wholeſome to the body. All this William found to be

true; for, the very next morning at breakfaſt, he ate a whole round of a loaf toaſted and buttered, and never found the leaſt fault with it. Now the real cauſe of its ſeeming ſour, ariſes from its being made of rye, which is of an acrid taſte, and perhaps is leſs nouriſhing than wheat.

§ 18.

It was on a fine morning, in the month of June, that Langley and his good-natured conductor left Newcaſtle. As ſoon as they got out of the town, which to be ſure is dirty enough, the country, and indeed every thing which met their eyes, was beautiful and delightful. There were thirty pack-horſes in a

row,

row, the firſt of which had ſome muſical bells faſtened to his collar, which, as he moved ſlowly along, played very prettily. On the laſt horſe, upon a pack of wool, rode William. The pack was ſo ſoft, and ſo long, that he could ride upon it juſt as he pleaſed, ſitting or kneeling, ſtanding or lying down. By his ſide, upon a little horſe, or, as it is there called, a galloway, Mr. Barclay rode, to chat with him, and to explain to him the things they might ſee as they went along. The birds ſung merrily, the ſun ſhone cheerfully, the fields looked green, and the meadows gay: ſometimes they went up a hill, which preſented them with a new and charming pro-

ſpect; ſometimes they came into a fair ſhady valley, where a little ſtream flowed gently murmuring along, at the bottom of a pleaſant wood. Every thing indeed gave William ſpirits, and he enjoyed his ride more than can be deſcribed. At length they came to a public-houſe, at the corner of a wood, where Barclay always ſtopped to get his breakfaſt, and to reſt his horſes. The landlady took great notice of Langley, helped him off the horſe, and ſoon ſet before him, in a clean parlour, a large baſon of boiled milk and bread, into which ſhe threw a lump of ſugar, which made William's eyes ſparkle. When he had finiſhed it, without leaving a ſingle

gle ſpoonful, he went to take a little walk by the ſide of the wood, whilſt Barclay was getting ready to proceed on his journey. As he ſauntered along, a blackbird came whirring out of a holly-buſh, and, perching upon an aſh tree that was near, began to whiſtle and make a great noiſe. Langley went cloſe up to the buſh, and ſaw, what he had never ſeen till now, a neſt in which were four young blackbirds. He was ſo delighted, that he at firſt thought of taking the neſt, and the young ones, away with him; who, by their chirping, ſeemed to take notice of him. But he ſoon reflected, that the poor mother would be made very unhappy by his doing ſo; and

that, as he did not know how to manage the little creatures, the young birds would probably die; ſo that he ſhould thus be guilty of great cruelty. He reſolved therefore to leave them, and contented himſelf with ſtopping to look at the neſt, which he much admired: he then returned to Mr. Barclay, whom he found waiting for him, and who much commended him for his good-nature, as well as good ſenſe, in not meddling with the neſt.

§ 19.

They proceeded on their journey, and for ſome miles met with nothing ſingular enough to attract their notice. Barclay told Langley ſome ſtories

ſtories which very much diverted him; though one, indeed, made him rather uneaſy: it was this. George Walton and William Malden were two ill-natured and miſchievous boys, who went to ſchool together. They were always quarrelling and fighting with the other boys, and were often whipped by their maſter for breaking the windows and fences of the neighbours. One holiday they went out by themſelves into a wood, to cut ſome hazle twigs. As they were wandering about, Walton ſaw a magpye's neſt at the top of a tree, which he was reſolved to get. He therefore pulled off his coat, and, as he was an active boy, he ſoon climbed up the tree. The neſt had four eggs

in

in it, which he took out, and put into the pocket of his waiſtcoat. When he was coming down, and had got to the very laſt branch, his hands ſlipped, he fell to the ground, and he broke his leg. Malden ran and got ſomebody to help him home. But, as he was a very naughty boy, nobody pitied him; and it was a long time indeed before he got well.—Climbing is always dangerous: we often hear of boys who get miſchief by falling from trees; and, beſides this, it tears, dirties, and ſpoils the clothes: ſo that it is much wiſer conſtantly to avoid it. Langley was ſorry for George Walton's accident; but, as he met with it by his own folly, he was the leſs uneaſy: he

thanked

thanked Mr. Barclay for the ſtory, and promiſed not to forget it.

§ 20.

They proceeded gently but cheerfully along, till they found themſelves, about dinner-time, at the entrance of a little village. Here they got a plain but hearty repaſt; and, after ſtaying a little time for the ſake of the poor horſes, who were very buſy at their hay and corn, they reſumed their journey. Late in the afternoon, as they had almoſt finiſhed their travel of the day, they turned down a dark lane, which led to the houſe where they were to ſleep. When they came to about the middle of this lane, there was an opening

ing to the left upon a large common. Here, at about a hundred yards diſtance from the road, Langley was ſurpriſed and frightened by the ſight of two gibbets, from which two men were hanging in chains. As he had never heard or read of any thing of the kind, he could not tell what to make of it; and many unpleaſant thoughts preſented themſelves to his mind. At this moment Barclay, who was a few paces behind him, rode up on his trotting little nag, and, pointing to the gibbets, aſked William, if he had ever ſeen ſuch things. No, ſaid William, trembling, and almoſt afraid to ſpeak. Why then, ſaid Barclay, I will tell you what they are; and I will alſo

relate

relate the ſtory of thoſe two men. When men commit ſuch crimes as render them unfit to live amongſt thoſe who are peaceable and honeſt, they are condemned, by the laws, to ſuffer ſuch puniſhments as the nature of their different offences is found to deſerve. For ſmall crimes they are put into priſon, whipped, or tranſported; for great crimes they are deprived of life, by being hanged on a gallows, or a gibbet. If their offence be very enormous, they are left, as you ſee, hanging in chains; that their example, by exciting terror, may prevent the ſame things being committed in future. In this very place, the two men whom you ſee not only robbed, but cruelly

murdered, a poor young woman, who was returning from market with the little money ſhe had got by ſelling a few eggs and ſome butter, with which ſhe maintained not only her mother, but a little brother. This account revived Langley's ſpirits, by aſſuring him that he had nothing to fear on his own account. But he wondered much, that, if any body ſhould be wicked enough to rob, they ſhould be ſtill ſo much more wicked, as to commit murder. With theſe thoughts they went quietly on, till they came to the houſe where they were to ſtay all night. Here a hot ſupper of veal-cutlets and apple-pye was provided for Mr. Barclay, who was expected; part of which

which was given to William, who ſoon went to bed; where, tired with the fatigue of the day, he ſlept like a top.

§ 21.

In the morning William got up as blythe as a lark, and ran to Mr. Barclay's bed, who ſlept in the ſame room, to call him. About ſeven o'clock they departed; and, as they met with nothing before dinner which deſerves to be related, we ſhall e'en ſet them down at one o'clock at Darlington, near the river Tees, as hungry as hunters, upon a roaſt leg of mutton and potatoes, and ſome little plum dumplings, which Langley thought the handſomeſt things he had ever ſeen in his

life. After dinner, Langley mounted again upon his wool-pack; and, after they had travelled about an hour, he heard, to his right, a great noiſe of water falling from an eminence upon ſome large ſtones, and making a hoarſe, rattling, but not unpleaſant ſound. Looking over the hedge, which by his ſtanding up he was very well able to do, he ſaw the water-fall, near which was ſtanding a man, with a fiſhing-rod in his hand: he had juſt caught a trout, which he was putting into a little baſket he had brought for the purpoſe. As this alſo was quite a new object to Langley, he called to Barclay, who was a little way before him, and aſked if he might ſtop a few minutes to ſee the man catch another

another fiſh. Barclay told him he might, and he would go with him. He therefore ſtopped his horſes; and, getting over a ſtile into the field, they went up to the man. As it happened, Barclay knew him; he therefore told him he had brought this little ſtranger to ſee him catch a fiſh. This he did preſently; and Langley was much diverted, firſt, to ſee the trout leap up to what ſeemed a fly, but which was only ſome pieces of feather and ſilk, made like a fly, under which the hook was concealed. Then he thought it very pleaſant, to ſee the fiſh flouncing about—trying, but unable, to get away. At laſt the hand-net was produced, and put under it: it was

brought to the ſhore, and a fine fellow it was. The man begged Mr. Barclay would accept of it for his ſupper; and away he and William went, highly delighted. As they were going to join the horſes, which all the time ſtood very ſtill and quiet, Langley aſked Mr. Barclay, if it was not a very cruel thing to catch fiſh, as they ſeemed to ſuffer ſo much pain from the hook. Barclay replied, that it certainly was to be wiſhed, that fiſh might be caught with as little pain as poſſible; but he remarked that oxen, calves, ſheep, turkeys, geeſe, and chickens, could not be killed without giving them ſome pain; all which were certainly intended for the uſe and food of mankind.

kind. This anſwer ſatisfied Langley; and ſo, ſometimes riding, ſometimes walking, always cheerful, and conſtantly aſking ſome pertinent queſtion (to which he did not fail to receive a ſenſible anſwer), he went to the houſe where they were to paſs the evening, and which was no more than three miles from Richmond.

§ 22.

The next morning they both roſe early. Langley choſe to walk, and trudged on ſilent and thoughtful. A new ſcene now preſented itſelf to his mind. He had formed a kind of friendſhip with Mr. Barclay, who had treated him very kindly. He was going to live with ſtrangers, at a

great diſtance from his father and mother; and he became every moment more unwilling to part with Barclay, and more fearful to meet his new maſter. At this moment, liſting up his eyes, he ſaw the town of Richmond, and its noble old caſtle; he beheld the fine river which flows at its foot; and he heard the bells, which, as it was ſome feſtival, were then ringing; the mellow ſounds of which came ſweetly ſoftened to his ear, along the banks of the river, winding along a charming valley. All this tended to revive his ſpirits. Mr. Barclay alſo told him, he often paſſed through Richmond, and would not fail to come and ſee him; that his maſter, Mr. Snow, was a very mild

and

and good-tempered man, fond of good little boys; that he had two ſons, who would be pleaſant play-fellows for him; and that he was certain he would be very kindly and tenderly treated. Theſe words were a cordial to Langley's heart; and, by the time that they got to Mr. Snow's houſe, he was prepared to meet his new maſter with cheerfulneſs.

§ 23.

When they knocked at the door, it was opened by Mr. Snow himſelf. Ah! Mr. Barclay, ſays the good man; ſo you have brought me my little boy at laſt? I have expected you theſe two days, and I am very happy to receive him

well. He then took Langley by the hand, kiſſed him, and welcomed him to Richmond. Mr. Barclay was aſked to breakfaſt, but he could not ſtay; ſo bidding William be a good boy, and wiſhing him well, he took his leave. Mr. Snow carried Langley into his ſtudy, where were ſitting at breakfaſt his wife, his daughter, and his two ſons; all of whom kiſſed the young ſtranger, and told him they were glad to ſee him, and would try to make him happy. William was quite delighted with his treatment; and ſoon, by his good humour and ſenſible remarks, made his maſter and miſtreſs his friends. When he had got a hearty breakfaſt, Mr. Snow deſired his

his eldeſt ſon to take Langley and ſhew him the ſchool; telling him at the ſame time to inform the boys, that this was to be a holiday, on account of the new ſcholar. William went readily enough on ſo pleaſant a buſineſs; and, when he came to the ſchool, he ſaw about ten boys, none of whom were much older than himſelf, hard at their books. He ſhook hands with them all, who gave him thanks for the holiday he had procured them; and away they went joyfully together to play upon the green before the ſchool, William as merry as the reſt.

§ 24.

§ 24.

Mr. Snow was a clergyman, with very ſmall preferment; but by keeping a ſelect number of pupils, upon terms ſomewhat exceeding what is commonly paid in Yorkſhire, he contrived to live very well, and was greatly reſpected. His houſe was well adapted to his purpoſe: it ſtood at one end of the town; before it was a gentle and very verdant deſcent to a ſtream, which for ſeveral miles continued its courſe, and abounded with trout. Behind his houſe he had an orchard, which was very uſeful to his family; as well as a pretty little garden, which, as he was fond of flowers, he took care of himſelf.

himſelf. Mrs. Snow was a very good woman; attentive to her children and her boarders, kind to the poor, obliging to all her neighbours, and reſpected by thoſe who knew her. Her daughter Jane was a pretty little girl; could read, write, and ſew perfectly well; had a taſte for ſinging, and could play ſeveral tunes upon an old ſpinnet which ſtood in the hall. Henry Snow, the eldeſt boy, was a meek and good-tempered child, almoſt eight years old. He had juſt begun Latin, and was therefore very buſy at his grammar. Richard, the youngeſt ſon, was by no means ſo kind-hearted as his brother Henry; but ſenſible, ſhrewd, and clever.

He

He was a haſty, quarrelſome ſpark; and, though not quite ſeven years old, would often kick, and fight, and ſcratch the boys. The conſequence was, that they all diſliked Richard, and loved Henry: which we cannot ſo much wonder at; for Richard was alſo a tell-tale, which is a character much to be deſpiſed; whereas Henry often got boys excuſed, when, for ſome trifling fault, they would otherwiſe have been puniſhed.

§ 25.

The next day Mr. Snow, after hearing Langley read, and aſking him ſome queſtions, thought ſo well of him, that he reſolved he ſhould begin Latin without loſs of time.

time. He could already write a little; and he applied ſo cloſely, that in the courſe of a month he was able to write the following letter to his father; for which, as it was the firſt he ever wrote, he got great praiſe from all who ſaw it.

" Honoured Sir,

" AS this is the firſt letter I ever " wrote, you muſt not expect much " from me. My maſter and miſtreſs " are very good to me; as alſo is " Miſs Jane and Maſter Henry. I " like George Leigh very much, " and I play with him more than " with any boy.—Mr. Snow tells " me you are all well, which I am " glad to hear.—Give my duty to

" my

" my mother; pray to God to bleſs
" me; and I remain your dutiful
" ſon,

" WILLIAM LANGLEY."

The above is the true and real letter which was ſent by Langley to his father; and which pleaſed old Mr. Langley ſo much, that he ſent him a letter in anſwer, ſealed with wax; round which was written, " Pray how do you like my ſeal?"— When William broke the ſeal, he found in it a little piece of gold.— Oh! cried he, I like the ſeal very much, and away he ran to tell his miſtreſs; deſiring her to take it, and give him ſome halfpence out of it, now and then, to buy fruit and play-things.

§ 26.

William's progreſs at his book ſurpriſed and delighted his maſter; he ſoon got before every boy in the ſchool; he was indeed ſo fond of reading, that he would often aſk his maſter to lend him books, which he would ſometimes, though not always, prefer to play. He was certainly a romantic boy; for, though he loved play as well as other boys, yet, when he got a book which he liked, he would retire, after ſchool hours, into the fields, and would ſit down under a hedge to read, where he ſometimes ſtaid ſo long that he loſt his dinner. At other times, he would get up to ſee the ſun riſe; a ſight of which he

was

was very fond: he uſed alſo to ſay, that to hear the birds ſing in the woods, to ſee the ſtream winding playfully along through the meadows, to ſee the cattle feeding in the fields, and the flowers blowing in the hedges—was better than a piece of plum-pudding, or even than a holiday.—There was one thing which he never failed to do; and we would wiſh all little boys to do ſo likewiſe. Whenever he heard or ſaw a word which he did not underſtand, he was never eaſy till he either found it out, or got it explained.—The Squire of a little pariſh about a mile and a half from Richmond, had before his houſe a bowling green to which every Thurſday he invited

vited the neighbouring gentlemen. Mr. Snow uſed frequently to go; and one day, as a great treat and favour, he took with him his ſon Henry, and William Langley. The two boys were playing about upon the green, and making, as Mr. Snow thought, too much noiſe; ſo he cried out, Boys, don't be ſo obſtreperous!—This hard word puzzled Langley very much; indeed he could make nothing at all of it.—As they were going home in the evening, Pray Sir, ſays he to his maſter, what did you mean when you ſaid to Henry and me, "Boys, don't be ſo obſtreperous?"—Mr. Snow was much pleaſed with him for aſking, and told him that to be obſtreperous was to be loud and noiſy.

§ 27.

The country about Richmond is very fine; the ſtreams are full of fiſh; the fields are full of game; the woods are full of nuts; and a great number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood keep hounds.—We promiſed, at the beginning of this book, to tell little Langley's faults, as well as his good qualities; we ſhall now, therefore, tell one thing he did, which deſerved both cenſure and puniſhment:—His maſter was fond of ſhooting; and would ſometimes take Langley with him to carry his powder and ſhot, and to run and get the game when it fell to the ground: he was much delighted with this office; as indeed he

he was with any office about the perſon of his maſter, whom he dearly loved. — But one thing ſurpriſed him: he could not conceive how the bird, flying in the air, and at a great diſtance, ſhould in a moment fall to the ground when his maſter fired his gun. He had a great deſire to try if he could do ſo too. He obſerved, therefore, where the gun, the powder, and the ſhot were put; and, getting up very early in the morning, he took the gun upon his ſhoulder, ſome powder and ſhot in his pocket, and out he went into the fields. When he came to a retired place, he put ſome powder and ſhot into the gun; and, cocking it, as ſoon as he ſaw a bird flying near him, he fired it off.—But he paid

dearly for his raſhneſs and folly; and indeed he might have injured himſelf for life; for, as he did not know either how to charge the gun properly, or to place it, when charged, againſt his ſhoulder, it hit him ſo ſevere a blow on the ſide of his face, that it not only tore off a large piece of ſkin from his cheek, but made his noſe bleed terribly. He returned home; and, as may be ſuppoſed, very much aſhamed and unhappy. As ſoon as he went into the ſchool, all the boys cried out, Oh, Langley! what's the matter with your face?—In the midſt of their enquiries, and before he could give any anſwer, in came Mr. Snow. The moment he ſaw Langley's face, he was much concerned, and aſked

if

if he had been fighting. He could conceal the matter no longer; but, burſting into tears, related all the truth; promiſing faithfully to do ſo no more.—Mr. Snow was at firſt very angry; but, on account of his general good conduct, and his promiſes never to offend in like manner again, he forgave him.—Children ſhould never play with guns; nor ſhould they ever do any thing in private which they are aſhamed to have publicly known. By the firſt they may wound, and perhaps kill, themſelves; by the laſt they learn to be artful, and are tempted to tell lies—a mean and ſhameful crime.

§ 28.

William wrote once in every month to his father and mother, and heard from them as often. His manners, in the mean time, were ſo obliging, his improvement in learning ſo great, his remarks ſo lively, and full of good ſenſe, that he was a great favourite with every body. He uſed often to take a walk with Miſs Snow into the fields; and, when they came to a pretty and ſhady place, Miſs Snow would take out her work and ſit down; whilſt Langley, from ſome book ſelected for him by his maſter or miſtreſs, would read to her. Sometimes Miſs Snow would ſing him a ſong, which very much delighted him; for, though he

he could not play upon any inſtrument, he was very fond of muſic.—The ſquire of the next pariſh alſo was ſo much pleaſed with William, that he gave him leave to fiſh in the ſtreams which belonged to his houſe, which was a very great favour.—When Langley went a-fiſhing, it was a very pleaſant thing to ſee him; for he always took a book in one pocket, whilſt his other was filled with his fiſhing tackle: and when the trout did not come ſo faſt as he wiſhed, he always made himſelf amends by ſitting down under a bank to read.—This fiſhing, however, brought him into two ſcrapes; both of which we ſhall faithfully relate, that other little boys may take warning by his example. When

Mr. Wilſon gave Langley leave to fiſh in his ſtreams, it was upon theſe terms—he was always to call at the houſe firſt, and leave word where he was going. The reaſon of this was, that Langley might know whether Mr. Wilſon himſelf, or any of his friends, intended to fiſh that day; in which caſe he was not to go, that he might not ſpoil or diſturb the gentlemen's fiſhing. One day he either forgot or neglected to do this. It therefore happened that, as he was getting over a ſtyle from one meadow into another, with his rod in his hand, who ſhould he ſee but Mr. Wilſon himſelf, and his neighbour Mr. Dawſon, coming to the very ſpot to fiſh which Langley had juſt left.—Sirrah, ſaid Mr. Wilſon, I know

know that you have not been to the houſe, as you ought; and you have quite ſpoiled my ſport for this day, by diſturbing the ſtreams: go home, and never preſume to come and fiſh here again.—As Langley had not a word to ſay for himſelf, he went away very ſorrowful. The very next morning, as ſoon as ſchool was over, he went to Mr. Wilſon, and begged pardon in ſo pretty a manner, that Mr. Wilſon not only forgave him, but again permitted him to fiſh in his ſtreams upon the ſame terms as before.—A uſeful leſſon is here afforded to all children; firſt, not to abuſe the kindneſs of their friends, by taking greater liberties than they know they ought to take; and next, when they have done amiſs, never

to

to be aſhamed to confeſs it, nor to beg pardon of thoſe whom they happen to offend.

§ 29.

The other fiſhing ſcrape into which Langley got was this:—Whenever he went out with his rod and his line, and, as we before ſaid, his book, Mr. Snow very kindly and properly deſired him not to go too near the edge of the water; for though theſe ſtreams where the trout were found were certainly not deep, yet, as we remarked at the beginning of this hiſtory, a very little water will drown a boy. It muſt be confeſſed that, in general, William was very careful, and minded the advice which was given him: but,

one unlucky day, his hook caught hold of a little twig, which was on the other ſide of the brook; and, as it was a very narrow place, he thought that he could, by means of a long pole which he found in the field, leap over it. He therefore pulled off his coat; and, fixing the pole in the middle of the ſtream, he put the other end under his arm; and, giving a ſpring, away he went. When he had got about half way over, ſnap went the pole, and ſouſe came Langley over head and ears into the water. As it was ſhallow, he got out eaſily enough; but every thing he had on was wet through and through; and he went ſneaking home, dripping all the way like a drowned rat. When he got to the houſe, he was

ſtripped

ſtripped and put to bed; but it was a long time before Mr. Snow would give him leave to go a-fiſhing again by himſelf.

§ 30.

When he was nine years old he began the Greek grammar; and not long afterwards Mr. Snow thought that he might venture to put him into the Greek Teſtament. This to Langley, at firſt, was like leaving all his old friends, and going by ſea to another Newcaſtle: but he did not forget that Latin, when he began to learn it, ſeemed equally hard, but that every day rendered it leſs and leſs ſo; neither could he forget that, when he firſt was taught to write, his hand ached, and his fingers were

were very ſtiff and aukward; time and practice enabled him to write with eaſe and pleaſure. He therefore fagged hard, and got on very faſt. At this time alſo Mr. Snow began to teach his daughter French, which for ſome days Langley obſerved without ſaying any thing; but, at length, he could not bear to think that any boy, much leſs any girl, ſhould know what he did not, and be able to read what he could not. He therefore very modeſtly aſked Mr. Snow to let him learn French too. That I will, replied Mr. Snow, and with great pleaſure; ſo they began the French grammar that very afternoon. He ſoon got as far in the grammar as

Miſs

Miſs Snow; and they afterwards continued to read French together.

§ 31.

We have before obſerved, that Langley was not averſe to play; indeed he mixed with his ſchool-fellows in all their amuſements. He played at marbles, bat and ball, hop-ſtep-and-jump; at which laſt he much excelled them all. But he was moſt delighted when Henry Snow, or George Leigh, would take long walks with him into the woods, or go and ſee things and places which he had never ſeen before. He would walk ſeveral miles to ſee the ruin of an old caſtle; and he would often go without his dinner, whilſt he was employed in making a ſeat in ſome retired

retired place, where he might ſit, and either read, or gaze earneſtly at the water daſhing down ſome ſteep and cragged place. He would indeed ſometimes go too far from home; of which he had once or twice great reaſon to repent. He one day loſt himſelf in a thick wood, and wandered about for many hours, without being able to find his way out. He began to grow both very hungry and very tired; the evening too was approaching faſt, and every thing looked of a duſky and gloomy colour.—In this diſtreſs he thought that, if he hallooed as loud as he could, ſomebody might perhaps hear him. This he did once or twice, but nobody anſwered. He ſat down, and burſt out a-crying; after

after a few minutes, he thought he heard, at a diſtance, the noiſe of an axe; he liſtened, and he heard it again. He therefore very wiſely followed the ſound, and, coming to the place whence it proceeded, he ſaw Thomas Lawſon, one of Mr. Wilſon's ſervants, cutting down ſome buſh wood for firing. He was ſo pleaſed, that, running up to him, Pray, Thomas, ſaid he, be ſo good as to ſhew me the way home; I will never come again ſo far alone. Thomas did this gladly, for he knew Langley, and liked him for his good-nature. It was quite dark before he got to Mr. Snow's, and all the family were very uneaſy about him; but they were ſo much pleaſed to ſee him ſafe, that they almoſt forgot

forgot to ſcold as much as he deſerved.—Boys ſhould be very careful not to go to ſtrange places alone, or too far from home; it is very improper, and certainly dangerous.

§ 32.

William was now near ten years old, and conſtantly improving in his manners, his mind, and his perſon. One morning the poſtman knocked at the door, and brought Mr. Snow a letter from old Mr. Langley. In this letter he thanked Mr. Snow for his great kindneſs to his little boy; but ſaid that he now very much wiſhed to ſee himſelf what progreſs he had made, that he might judge for what profeſſion he was moſt adapted. He added, that his mo-

ther alſo, after ſo long an abſence, was very deſirous to ſee him. He therefore deſired Mr. Snow to have his ſon conveyed, in the courſe of the month, ſafely to Hull, where a veſſel, in which he had ſome concern, would take him on board, and bring him to Yarmouth; at which place he would meet him himſelf. This letter made all the family for a time very uneaſy, and Langley as well as the reſt; for, though he could not be otherwiſe than pleaſed with the idea of ſeeing his father and mother, yet he was very ſorry to leave ſo many people who had always been good to him, and who loved him as much as he loved them. The day, however, came: Mr. Snow's one-horſe chaiſe drove up to the door; John Clark-

ſon,

ſon, who was to drive Langley to York, got into it; out came Langley, crying ſadly, and all the family with him, many of whom cried alſo; a tear was ſeen too in Miſs Snow's eye, who had ſo often walked and read, and played and ſung, with Langley, that ſhe loved him little leſs than one of her brothers. William kiſſed them all round; and, to be ſure, did not omit Miſs Snow: ſomebody has ſaid that he kiſſed her twice, and it may perhaps be true. All were unhappy at parting with him, except Richard Snow, who was always jealous of him, and often behaved to him with ill-nature.—After much good advice, and ſhaking hands again and again, Mr. Snow put him into the chaiſe, by the ſide

of John Clarkſon, and away they drove.

§ 33.

It may not be amiſs to fill one chapter with the good advice which Mr. Snow gave Langley in the preſence of his ſons and daughter, in the ſtudy, the evening before he was to go away.—" My dear William," ſaid Mr. Snow, after the tea-things were removed, " you have always, with me, ſeen and known the different effects of good and bad conduct: the one has always made you happy, the other quite the contrary. When you have done well, you have been conſtantly praiſed, encouraged, and rewarded; when you have done ill, you have as conſtantly been cenſured

ſured and puniſhed. Depend upon it, the ſame will happen to you in every ſtate of life, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age. To be good, is to be happy; to be vicious, is to be wretched. As to your improvement, it depends upon yourſelf; you have very good talents, and may be juſt as learned as you pleaſe. With reſpect to learning, you will find hereafter, what you have found here, the benefits of induſtry, and the fatal effects of neglect or idleneſs: the one will as certainly promote your improvement and happineſs, as the other will make you poor, deſpiſed, and wretched. Above all things, remember your duty to God, and to your neighbour; abhor vice, practiſe

virtue. Be humble and modeſt, kind and obliging to all; liſten to thoſe who can inſtruct you; imitate what your heart tells you is praiſe-worthy; bear whatever evils may happen to you with patience; and endeavour to be a good man, and a pious Chriſtian."—Mr. Snow added many other things; ſuch as bidding him always ſpeak the truth, and ſhun falſehood like a ſerpent; to be honeſt, open, diligent, and faithful: all which were ſo deeply impreſſed upon Langley's mind, that, as his conduct afterwards proved, he never forgot them.

§ 34.

The ride from Richmond down the vale of Catterick is one of the moſt

moſt charming things in the world—the country is ſo rich and lovely. Here a fine brown wood—there, at its foot, the river Swall rolls its beautiful ſtream. On both ſides of the road are many gentlemen's ſeats; and every now and then the ſpire of a village church peeped from the end of a green lane, or from the riſing of a gentle hill. Theſe delightful ſcenes of nature were not loſt upon Langley, young as he was: he ſoon recovered his uſual cheerfulneſs; which he no doubt did the ſooner, from the pleaſing proſpect of ſeeing his father and mother, whom, as it became him, he dearly loved. As they were people of no mighty conſequence, they went trotting on, without meeting with any wonderful

adventures, and got to York in the evening about ſeven o'clock.—The approach to York is ſo very pretty, that ſome mention ought to be made of it. The minſter or cathedral, a very ſuperb and noble object, is ſeen at a great diſtance; the caſtle is no leſs worthy of attention: and the two buildings together ſpeak the approach to a large and populous city. On their arrival at the White Horſe, in Coppergate, they found that the ſtage-coach for Hull was to go the next morning from this very inn where they were. John Clarkſon, therefore, took a place in it for Langley; and, ſeeing him ſafe into it, the next day returned to Richmond.

§ 35.

§ 35.

The paſſengers in the coach were two young ladies, who were much taken with Langley's ſprightly appearance and winning behaviour: they took much notice of him; and, on enquiring who he was, it turned out that one of them knew his father, and actually lived at Norwich. This was a very pleaſant circumſtance to William, who did not forget to aſk many pertinent queſtions.—The good-nature of his fellow-travellers, in one reſpect, did Langley more harm than good. The ladies, intending to reward him for the ſenſible and proper manner in which he behaved, gave him almonds and raiſins, and cakes and ſweetmeats; to which, as well as to

riding

riding in a coach, he had never been uſed. They had not, therefore, gone a great many miles, before Langley became very ſick indeed; but on opening the windows, and ſuffering him to ſit with his face to the horſes, he got better ſoon, and was as lively and cheerful as ever. — People ſometimes think that they are very kind to children by giving them a quantity of ſweet things: but in this they are very apt to be miſtaken, for in general ſweet things are not wholeſome; and leaſt of all to a child, whoſe ſtomach is not ſtrong enough to bear them. The ſtage-coach ſtopped at Beverley to dine; through which as they paſſed, Langley was greatly pleaſed with the appearance of the church, which

is

is a very handſome building. They arrived at Hull in proper time; and in the inn-yard a ſervant was waiting to receive William, and conduct him to the houſe of a gentleman who was a friend of old Mr. Langley.

§ 36.

At Hull Langley was obliged to ſtay a few days, waiting for a fair wind to carry him to Yarmouth. The name of the gentleman at whoſe houſe he was, was Preſton, who had a ſon about the age of Langley, a bold, daring, and impudent boy. Mr. Preſton, one morning at breakfaſt, told the boys that they might go on board the veſſel in which Langley was to ſail. They were both pleaſed at this, and away they went joy-

joyfully together. When they came to the ſhip, Langley contented himſelf with walking up and down upon the deck, aſking queſtions about the ſails and the ropes. But Dick Preſton, ſeeing one of the men go up the ſhrowds, jumped up after him, and would go up to the top, though every body called out to him to come down; however, on he went, and got up ſafely enough: but, on coming back again, he was very much frightened; and within a few yards of the bottom his foot got twiſted in one of the ropes, and he was not able to recover himſelf. Whilſt he was thus entangled, a ſailor-boy ſkipped up the ropes, and, paſſing a line round Dick's body, tied him to the ſhrowds. He

was

was kept thus almoſt a whole hour, for every body to laugh at; which is a cuſtom very common amongſt ſailors, to puniſh thoſe who are either aukward in doing what they ought to do well and expertly, or who meddle with things which they ought not to touch. This diſgraceful accident, however, did not cure Preſton of his daring ſpirit; and not many months afterwards, in trying to get up the ſhrowds of a man of war, he fell down upon the deck, and loſt his life by his raſhneſs.—When boys are brought up to the ſea, and are intended by their parents to be ſailors, they learn eaſily and properly enough to get up and down the ropes. But when boys who are to be of a different profeſ-

ſion go into ſhips, they may aſk queſtions for the ſake of inſtruction, but ſhould never pretend to climb up the ropes, which is both fooliſh and dangerous.

§ 37.

The day at length came in which Langley's ſhip, the Rebecca, captain Weſt commander, was to ſet ſail; and he went on board in good ſpirits. He was more fortunate this time than before; for they met with no ſtorm, and he was not near ſo ſick: but, it muſt be confeſſed, he was longer in his paſſage, though he had not ſo far to go. This frequently happens in ſea voyages. The ſwiftneſs of the ſhip's going depends upon the wind: when the

wind blows briſkly, a veſſel often goes over a great ſpace in a very little time. On the contrary, when there is little or no wind, a ſhip gets along very ſlowly, as was the caſe at this time with Langley's ſhip. When he before went to Newcaſtle from Yarmouth, a diſtance almoſt of one hundred leagues (which, as three miles make a league, is nearly three hundred miles), he got there in leſs than three days and nights: but now, though the diſtance from Hull to Yarmouth is no more than ſixty leagues, or one hundred and eighty miles, he was more than four days in his paſſage. One thing happened, as they ſailed along, which diverted Langley very much. They went through a little fleet of boats which

were

were fiſhing off the coaſt for herrings. The maſter of one of theſe boats knew captain Weſt; and, as they ſlowly paſſed him, he toſſed into the ſhip two or three ſtrings of herrings, at leaſt twelve upon a ſtring; upon which all the ſailors made a hearty meal. Poor William did not venture to taſte theſe, he was ſo much afraid of being ſick.—They at laſt ſaw the church and town of Yarmouth riſing, as it were, ſlowly from the ſea. Langley's heart now began to dance with pleaſure; his ſickneſs had quite left him; and he had nothing to think of but the joy he ſhould have in running into his father's arms. As they came nearer to the coaſt, and he was walking with the captain upon the deck, he was

ſtruck

ſtruck with the very odd appearance of Yarmouth church, which to him ſeemed to be crooked. He aſked Mr. Weſt if it was really crooked? and, if not, what was the reaſon of its ſeeming ſo? The captain replied, that it was not crooked, but only built purpoſely to appear ſo. They now entered the harbour, and happy indeed was Langley once more to ſet his feet upon dry land. As he was going through the ſtreets along with the captain, he ſaw his father coming haſtily to the ſide of the river, to ſee what ſhip was juſt come in. Langley ran inſtantly towards him; and, catching hold of his coat, exclaimed, "Sir, Sir, are not you glad to ſee me?" Old Mr. Langley turned about, and really did not know

his boy, he was ſo tanned by the ſea and the ſun, ſo much grown, and indeed in every reſpect ſo altered. He therefore ſaid, coldly, "How do you do, little gentleman? Pray what is your name?" Poor William could not bear this; but, burſting out into tears, cried out, "What, Sir, don't you know me?" Theſe words induced Mr. Langley to look earneſtly in his face, when he ſoon remembered him; and, catching him in his arms, kiſſed him tenderly again and again; and was ſo delighted to ſee him, that tears of tenderneſs and joy flowed faſt from his eyes.

§ 38.

After indulging for ſome minutes the feelings of parental love, Mr. Langley

Langley took his little boy by the hand, and led him to the ſame inn which, ſome years before, he had viſited with ſenſations ſo totally different. He was then ſad and ſorrowful; about to leave his beſt and deareſt friends, to go a long way, amongſt people who were entire ſtrangers to him. Now he was returning, without a care in the world, to his father and mother, anxious to ſee and embrace them, who thought of nothing but how to make him happy. Yet he was not, with all his delight, ſo ungrateful as to forget his Yorkſhire friends, who had treated him ſo well. The memory of his maſter and miſtreſs was very dear to him; and, when he reflected on the charming walks he had taken

with Miſs Snow, and the many pretty books he had read to her, he felt a tender regret which almoſt melted him to tears. For this he certainly deſerved much praiſe; for he who forgets or neglects to acknowledge the kindneſs he has received, can neither merit eſteem, nor expect to meet with future favours: it is therefore equally mean and unwiſe to be ungrateful. After taking ſome refreſhments at the inn, Mr. Langley and his ſon got into the ſtage coach, and in a few hours got to Norwich. The joy of Mrs. Langley at receiving her ſon well in health, and at finding him much improved in his mind, as well as perſon, expreſſed itſelf in many warm embraces and tears of delight.

§ 39.

§ 39.

The only thing which gave Mr. and Mrs. Langley the leaſt concern with reſpect to William was, to find that, by reſiding ſo long in Yorkſhire, he had got the Yorkſhire dialect, or tone and manner of ſpeaking. But their regret on this account ſoon vaniſhed, when they reflected that the ſame period of time which taught him this mode of ſpeaking in one place, would unteach it in another. All defects in ſpeaking are carefully to be avoided; and to ſpeak in a vulgar tone and accent never fails to excite the contempt of thoſe who are polite and well bred. When Langley had been a few days at home, his father had the pleaſure to

find, by converſing with him, that he had by no means been neglected: for though old Mr. Langley knew neither Greek, Latin, nor French, he was a very ſenſible man; he had read a great deal, and could very well judge of the progreſs which his ſon had made in Engliſh learning. He found that William could read any thing with the greateſt eaſe; could repeat in proſe and verſe various elegant pieces; could write a decent hand; and was not defective in figures. In his own mind, therefore, he had reſolved to keep his ſon at the free grammar-ſchool in his native town for about two years, and then bind him apprentice to a ſurgeon. He wiſhed, however, to conſult his reſpected friend, Mr. Newton,

ton, the clergyman, on the ſubject, intending to be governed by his advice.

§ 40.

To Mr. Newton therefore they went. This worthy character was much pleaſed to ſee the boy ſo improved in his appearance; and not the leſs delighted to think that his advice had been the inſtrument of his receiving ſo much more and ſo much better inſtruction than his friends at firſt deſigned to beſtow upon him.—" I am come, ſir (ſaid Mr. Langley), to requeſt a favour of you. My boy, you ſee, is returned well; and, as far as I can judge, much improved in every thing: but I ſhall be glad and obliged if you

will examine him in thoſe things concerning which I am not able to decide. It is my preſent intention to keep him at home for about two years, during which he ſhall go to the free grammar-ſchool in this place; and I ſhall then, I think, bind him to a ſurgeon. But I ſhall be entirely governed by your ſentiments concerning him; and, if he does not know enough to make a ſurgeon, I ſhall either teach him my own, or put him to ſome other honeſt trade, by which he may be able to obtain a decent livelihood."—"I will do what you require (replied Mr. Newton) very willingly; and call upon you in the afternoon, to give you my ſentiments without reſerve. Leave him, therefore, if you pleaſe, with me."

me."—Saying thus, he wiſhed Mr. Langley good morning; who went away, leaving his boy with Mr. Newton.

§ 41.

As ſoon as his father was gone, Langley's heart began to beat with modeſt alarm; and when he ſaw Mr. Newton, who had left the room for a few minutes, return with ſome great books under his arm, his fears were rather increaſed than abated: but he had no great cauſe to be uneaſy. Mr. Newton began to examine him, by firſt aſking him queſtions ſo ſimple and eaſy, that he found himſelf able to anſwer him without any great ſtudy or reflection. He then led him on gently to

things and books more difficult; in all of which, both with reſpect to Latin, Greek, and French, he acquitted himſelf ſo well, that Mr. Newton not only praiſed him as he deſerved, but inſiſted upon his ſtaying to dine, promiſing to return with him in the afternoon to his father. All this time Mr. Langley remained in great ſuſpenſe, and was rather unhappy: he could not account for his ſon's ſtaying ſo long; and once or twice was on the point of going to Mr. Newton's, to ſee what was become of him. Sometimes he thought that Mr. Newton had not found his ſon what he wiſhed and expected; and was therefore reluctant to come and wound the feelings of a father who was inclined

to

to be ſo proud of his boy. Whilſt he was in this ſtate of mind the hours glided ſlowly and painfully away; when, about tea-time in the afternoon, he had the pleaſure of ſeeing his boy coming along the ſtreet by the ſide of Mr. Newton. He ran to the door to meet them—"Well, Sir (ſaid he rather abruptly), what do you think of my boy?"—"Think! (replied Mr. Newton) I don't know what to think."—This anſwer did not much ſatisfy a father's anxious wiſhes. "Pray walk in, Sir (ſaid Mr. Langley), and remove my ſuſpenſe."—They walked through the ſhop into a parlour behind it; and, ſitting down, they all remained ſome minutes without ſpeaking.—"I hope, Sir (ſaid Mr. Langley), my ſon knows

ſome-

ſomething of what he ought to know?"—"Sir (anſwered Mr. Newton), your ſon has much ſurpriſed me. I expected to find him clever; but he is ſo much more ſo than boys of his age are in general, that I am at a loſs what advice to give you concerning him. It will be a great pity to bind him to any mean trade, where his talents will be loſt; but, as I do not know what you can afford, I can only ſay what are my wiſhes. I could deſire, out of regard to the boy, that he ſhould be ſent for a few years to a public ſchool, and afterwards removed to college, where I do not doubt but he will make his way, if not to opulence, at leaſt to a decent maintenance. Thus, Sir, you have my ſentiments;

timents; and to ſuch aſſiſtance and advice as I can give farther, you ſhall always be welcome."—Mr. Newton, having ſaid this, took his leave.

§ 42.

Mr. Langley was a very good man, and kind father; and, after reflecting with himſelf ſome hours upon the matter, and looking into his accounts and the ſtate of his property, he reſolved to follow the advice of Mr. Newton with reſpect to his ſon.—He had the pleaſure to find that, by living frugally at home, he ſhould be able to ſpare the ſum which was required to maintain William at a public ſchool, and afterwards at college.—Little boys, when they receive indulgence from their

parents, are apt to conſider it rather as their due than as a favour; they ſeldom remember, that to maintain, clothe, and inſtruct them, is always a great expence; and they are rather inclined to wiſh for more of every thing than they have, than to try and make their expences leſs by care and good conduct.—Mr. Langley, after he had made up his mind upon the ſubject, called his ſon into the parlour, and thus ſpoke to him: "I am glad, my dear boy, to find that you have properly improved the time you have been at ſchool, and by your diligence have acquired more learning than boys of your age in general have. By way of reward, I mean to deny myſelf many comforts, that yours may be promoted

and increaſed. Other fathers, in my rank of life, would now bind you apprentice to ſome trade, after keeping you perhaps a little time at home to extend your knowledge of figures, and to improve you in writing; and probably my neighbours may think that I have done enough for you, and will accuſe me perhaps of vanity, and of acting unwiſely, in deſiring to do more: but I truſt your future conduct will juſtify me to myſelf and to the world. In compliance with what Mr. Newton recommends, I ſhall ſoon ſend you to a public ſchool; from thence you ſhall go to college; after which you muſt depend no longer upon me, but upon yourſelf, and your own talents and induſtry.—At a public

ſchool

ſchool moſt of the boys will, perhaps, as to birth and fortune, be above you; you muſt therefore be careful that the example of thoſe who are better born does not teach you to be fooliſhly proud; nor the example of thoſe who are richer teach you to be expenſive. You muſt take care of your clothes, becauſe I cannot afford to buy you many; and you muſt be careful of your money, becauſe you muſt not expect to have much. Learn, therefore, amongſt your new ſchool-fellows, to be humble without being ſervile, and to be frugal without being mean." — Theſe words were not loſt upon William; he ſhed tears of gratitude, and treaſured them up in his heart.

§ 43.

§ 43.

In a day or two afterwards, Mr. Langley went to Mr. Newton, and acquainted him with what he had reſolved to do.—Mr. Newton was greatly delighted; and, at Mr. Langley's deſire, undertook the care of ſettling William at Weſtminſter-ſchool, with one of the under maſters of which he was acquainted: and he added, "If you can bring yourſelf to part with your ſon ſo ſoon, I have buſineſs which will oblige me to go to London in about ten days, and William may go with me."—This could not fail of being a pleaſant thing to Mr. Langley, who thankfully accepted the offer.—When his father and mother were ſitting one

morning at breakfaſt, talking of their boy, and the new plan propoſed concerning him, William came into the room, with a letter in his hand. "Papa (ſays he), I have been writing a letter to my good old maſter in Yorkſhire; and, if you pleaſe, I will read it to you."—At his father's deſire, he read as follows:

"Deareſt Sir,

"AS I am not ungrateful, I cannot forget your kindneſs; I therefore write to thank you and my miſtreſs for your tender treatment of me. Mr. Newton, my father's friend, ſays you have done me great juſtice, and that I am likely to become a good ſcholar. This muſt certainly be owing to you, and not

to

to myſelf. I am next week going to Weſtminſter-ſchool, where I am ſure I ſhall not be ſo happy as I was at Richmond; for I am told there are no green fields, no ſtreams nor woods, where I can take a walk till I am tired, and then ſit down to read.—Pray give my love to Maſter Snows, and all my play-fellows; and, if you pleaſe, you may tell Miſs Snow that I often wiſh I could read to her again, and hear her ſing.—I ſhall be glad, Sir, if you will let Henry Snow write to me, and tell me a great deal about his brother, his ſiſter, and my ſchool-fellows. My papa and mamma deſire their kind remembrance; and I remain,

Your obliged and dutiful pupil,

WILLIAM LANGLEY."

§ 44.

Mr. Langley was much pleaſed with this inſtance of his ſon's gratitude and good ſenſe, and he commended him for both.—Every thing was now prepared for his journey to London; and, on the evening appointed, taking a tender leave of his father and mother, he got into the coach about ſeven o'clock in the evening, by the ſide of Mr. Newton. His mind was not quite compoſed at leaving his parents a ſecond time ſo ſoon; and he was the more uneaſy, becauſe he had heard, as well as read, that London was a place full of noiſe, tumult, and danger, and very different from all the ſcenes which he had hitherto known and loved.—Before they had gone many

miles, the motion of the coach rocked him aſleep; and he was dreaming of his Yorkſhire friends, and of walking and talking by the ſide of Miſs Snow, when a hoarſe and terrible voice called out ſeveral times to the coachman, "Stop! ſtop!"—Whilſt Langley, rouſed by the noiſe, was wondering what could be the matter, the window, near which he ſate, was broken by ſomething forcibly thruſt through it, and which proved to be a piſtol: at the ſame time a man on horſeback appeared by the ſide of the coach door, who, in very rude and boiſterous language, ſwearing all the time terribly, demanded the paſſengers money.—Langley had often read of people being murdered by highway-

men; and he at this moment remembered the accident which he had himſelf met with when he had ſo naughtily taken his maſter's gun. He therefore thought that he muſt now certainly be killed: but the paſſengers ſoon giving the man their money, he overlooked the boy who ſate cloſe in the corner; and away he galloped, full ſpeed, to the great joy of William, and indeed of all the reſt.

§ 45.

Nothing further happened of any conſequence till they arrived the next morning in London; the entrance to which filled Langley with amazement. He thought there was no end of buildings, people, and coaches;

coaches; and he ſeemed to himſelf to have got quite into another world. —Not to make our hiſtory tedious by its length, we ſhall only ſay that Mr. Newton was good enough to employ one day in ſhewing Langley the Tower and the wild beaſts, the Monument, St. Paul's, and Weſtminſter Abbey; and the next day placed him under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, at Weſtminſter-ſchool. Every thing he ſaw was new and ſurpriſing to Langley; and the next morning, when he by his new tutor was carried into the ſchool, and ſaw almoſt three hundred boys at their books, he was quite bewildered. He was ſome time before he could ſo far collect himſelf as to attend to the place where he was directed to ſit, and the

buſineſs he was ordered to do. He was placed in the fourth form; and the maſters ſoon found that he knew what he was about, and had been properly inſtructed.—When the confinement of the ſchool was at an end, he found himſelf ſtill more perplexed and aukward. There was a ruſtic ſhyneſs and reſerve in his manner, which, when contraſted with the forward and lively gaiety of the town boys, made him as little inclined to mix with them in their diverſions, as they, on their parts, were to ſolicit and court his company.—After the ſchool hours in Yorkſhire, William and his play-fellows uſed to run into the fields and woods, to cut ſticks, look for neſts, get nuts, and in ſearch of ſuch other amuſements as the country

country prompted and afforded.—At Weſtminſter he heard the boys talk of aſking leave to go to the play, of ſome great match at cricket, or tennis, or billiards; the names of which, excepting the firſt, he had never heard. Others were putting themſelves into fighting attitudes, and ſpeaking of an intended boxing-match betwixt Humphries and Mendoza. Some again were ſpeaking of the faſhions of clothes, of races, and cock-fights; and not a few were diſputing who had the greateſt talents, and who were the beſt miniſters, Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt.—Of theſe dialogues, which he could not but overhear, ſome offended Langley, ſome diſtreſſed him, and all ſurpriſed him.

§ 46.

§ 46.

In the preceding chapter we by no means intend to interfere in the diſpute which has been ſo often and ſo ſenſibly diſcuſſed concerning public and private ſchools: they have doubtleſs both of them their defects and their excellence. We have at this time, and in this country, many living and ſplendid examples of great and virtuous men; ſome of whom have been brought up privately, others at public ſchools.—All that we intend is to ſay, what muſt often have been obſerved, that a boy abruptly removed from a private to a public ſchool will, for a time, feel himſelf aukward; and find that, with reſpect to his pleaſures and his manners,

ners, he will have much both to learn and to unlearn. At the ſame time, let all boys remember, that virtue and vice are the ſame every where; they are neither changed by age, nor place, nor rank—that good conduct will in all places alike deſerve eſteem, whether it obtains it or not—and that miſconduct, whether it eſcapes or meets with puniſhment, will be cenſured by thoſe who happen to know it, and forfeit the approbation of the world, and of a man or boy's own heart. The truth of this Langley witneſſed in his own conduct and fortune; for although, at Weſtminſter, his leſs poliſhed manners, and leſs expenſive dreſs, made him avoided and deſpiſed by ſome young empty coxcombs, who had more money

money to ſpend, and finer clothes to wear, his diligence and goodneſs of heart met with their reward. The former ſoon raiſed him in the ſchool, and obtained him the eſteem of his maſters; the latter, as it prompted him to be obliging and good-natured, made him noticed by thoſe boys, of whom in every ſchool there will always be ſome, who, deſirous of being improved in learning and goodneſs themſelves, reſpect ſuch improvement in others.

§ 47.

We would by no means have it ſuppoſed that Langley, though reſerved, was ſullen; or, though baſhful, that he wanted ſpirit. At the ſame time that he was careful of his clothes,

clothes, he never refuſed to mix in ſuch amuſements as ſuited his temper, with thoſe boys whoſe manners moſt reſembled his own. He was alſo frugal with the little money he had; but he never refuſed to lend what he could afford to a ſchool-fellow, or to give what was conſiſtent to any poor perſon. His friendly temper involved him in one ſcrape, his ſpirit in a ſecond, and his too generous nature in a third, in the interval of time which he ſpent in London. He was one day playing at fives with Jack Woodhouſe, the boy with whom he was moſt intimate; when a dirty fellow, who was driving an aſs, and who was much bigger than either of them, tried to ſteal Woodhouſe's coat, which he had

had pulled off, and hung over ſome rails. Luckily, Langley ſaw the theft; and, running up to the fellow, not only inſiſted on having it again, but gave him a ſevere cuff in the face: he, in return, got both a black eye and a bloody noſe; but the coat was reſtored, and Langley obtained great credit in the ſchool for his friendly and ſpirited conduct.—Another time he was walking by the ſide of the river, the walk he loved moſt to take, when he ſaw a poor little chimney-ſweeper fall from the ſide of a boat into the water. He inſtantly ſtripped off his clothes; and, as he had learned to ſwim in Yorkſhire, plunged in to ſave him from being drowned: but, though willing enough, he did not prove ſtrong

enough;

enough; and both of them, perhaps, would have loſt their lives, if a waterman, who ſaw the accident, had not taken them into his wherry.—Once alſo he ſaw a poor woman, with an infant in her arms, who appeared to be almoſt periſhing with cold and hunger. What could he do? he had no money, and his allowance was not due; ſo he went and ſold one of his ſchool-books which he happened to have in his pocket, and gave the poor woman the money. When he again went into ſchool he was aſked for his book; and it was only by relating the whole ſtory, which (as he was never detected in the ſhameful vice of lying) was believed, that he got excuſed from a ſevere flogging.

§ 48.

It cannot be expected that a ſchool-boy's life, even on the great theatre of London, ſhould abound with incidents either various or uncommon.—As his boyiſh years paſſed away, Langley improved in every thing; and, as the time approached when he was to go to college, he was found to be converſant beyond his age in Latin, Greek, and French: he compoſed good verſes, and made excellent Latin; his Engliſh themes were always commended, and often rewarded. Once a fortnight he wrote to his father, and once a month to Mr. Snow, in Yorkſhire; both of which he conſidered as duties, and never omitted either.—At length, a

letter

letter came from old Mr. Langley to his ſon, requiring him to meet him, on a certain day, at Cambridge, where he intended to go, for the purpoſe of admitting him a ſcholar of Trinity College. To Cambridge, therefore, he went; and it is doing him but juſtice to ſay, that he carried with him a letter from the head maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool to the tutor of Trinity, commending in the higheſt poſſible terms his diligence, his morals, and his learning. As the tutor found part of this inſtantly to be true, he eaſily gave him credit for all the reſt; for when he examined him, he was pleaſed to ſay, that ſo good a ſcholar had not for many years been admitted to the college.

§ 49.

Our tale now draws faſt to its concluſion.—Of Langley's conduct at college we ſhall ſay but little; for the hiſtory of a college life cannot be either very pleaſant or very inſtructive to thoſe for whoſe uſe this book is chiefly intended. It will be enough, perhaps, to remark, that the ſame prudent conduct and induſtry which, at Yorkſhire and Weſtminſter, procured our hero eſteem, improvement, and advantage, attended him to Cambridge, producing the ſame good effects.—As ſoon almoſt as he went, he became a ſucceſsful candidate for thoſe honours and rewards which it was the cuſtom of his college to beſtow on learned induſtry and regular conduct.—In one of his let-

ters from Mr. Snow he received the delightful news that his old and favourite friend, Miſs Jane Snow, had ſucceeded to a fortune of five thouſand pounds by the death of a gentleman who was her godfather, and had always been very fond of her. When this young lady was not quite ten years of age, ſhe made a very elegant purſe, which ſhe ſent to Mr. Rippon, the gentleman who left her the above fortune. He was much delighted; and not only made her ſeveral other handſome preſents in return, but wrote the following verſes to her, which he incloſed in a Morocco pocket-book, richly adorned with ſilver: a copy of theſe was ſent to Langley, as Mr. Snow knew they would give his ſenſible heart pleaſure.

To a very good young Lady, not quite ten years old, who worked the Author a very elegant Silk Purſe.

I.

TOO fine for me the purſe you ſend,
Where taſte and gayneſs mix;
For how can they in fitneſs blend
Their hues with thirty-ſix?

II.

An age when friendſhip ſhould preſide
To rule and warm my heart;
And there for you ſhe long will bide,
Tho' lighter gueſts depart.

III.

For when life's airy round you tread,
With anxious care I'll watch,
Leſt pleaſure's lures by guilt be ſpread,
The guiltleſs mind to catch.

IV.

Nor with more joy within this purſe
His wealth would Avarice place,
Than I in future years rehearſe
Your virtues, wit, and grace.

§ 50.

Soon after Langley had taken his degrees at college, with much credit to himſelf, and delight to his father and mother, he was appointed private tutor to Mr. George Hogg, the ſon of the Mr. Hogg, the member of parliament, whom we mentioned, in the commencement of this Hiſtory, as a friend to Mr. Langley and his family.—In this character of tutor Langley remained four years, when he took prieſt's orders. He proved himſelf ſo careful, all this time, of young Mr. Hogg's morals and learning, that the old gentleman promiſed him, his diligent obſervance of his duty ſhould not go long without its reward. Old Mr. Hogg

had two livings in his gift; one was in Lincolnſhire, and worth four hundred pounds a year; and, as luck would have it, one was in Yorkſhire, where a great part of the family eſtate of the Hoggs lay. This laſt was not worth more than three hundred and fifty pounds a year, but then it was within ſeven miles of old Mr. Snow's houſe.—With the family of his firſt tutor Langley had never omitted to correſpond; and indeed they had made ſo tender an impreſſion on his mind, that he hardly ever ſpoke of them but with tears of gratitude and love. We ſhall therefore eaſily obtain credit, when we inform our young readers that Mr. Hogg having given Langley his choice of the two livings

in

in his gift, he accepted the latter one, which was in Yorkſhire, with delight and rapture.

§ 51.

After ſpending a few days at Norwich with his father and mother, who found all their care repaid in the good fortune, and (what with them weighed more) the good character, of their ſon, Langley went to Yorkſhire, by ſhort and pleaſant journeys over land, to poſſeſs his living. He intended to take the family of Mr. Snow, ſome morning, by ſurpriſe, after he ſhould have put his parſonage houſe in order good enough to entertain his dear friends. Fortune, however, prevented his intentions. He was riding one afternoon a little way from the place

of his reſidence, thinking of his Richmond friends—and, if we may confeſs the truth, of Miſs Snow more than all the reſt—when he ſaw, at a little diſtance, a one-horſe chaiſe overturned by the careleſſneſs of a baker's ſervant, who drove his cart againſt it. He galloped to the ſpot, deſirous to give ſuch aſſiſtance as might be wanted. Before he could get up to them, he perceived an elderly gentleman, who by his dreſs appeared to be a clergyman, aſſiſting a young lady to riſe from the ground. Who can deſcribe his ſurprize and delight, when he beheld his old maſter, and, as he properly concluded, his favourite Miſs Snow! He inſtantly diſmounted; and, running to them—"Oh, Sir!" he exclaimed,

"how

" how wretched ſhall I be if you are either of you hurt!"—" I thank you, Sir, for your kindneſs," anſwered Mr. Snow, civilly; " we, I believe, have neither of us received any ſerious injury."—Time indeed had ſo altered, and, if we may ſay the truth, ſo improved Langley, that neither Mr. nor Miſs Snow could remember him.—" What!" returned he abruptly, " do neither of you know Langley? He has never forgotten you."—What followed may be eaſily ſuppoſed. The joy of all the three was equal at a meeting ſo delightful and ſo little expected. They were conducted to the new parſonage; and, as Miſs Snow did not chooſe to get into the chaiſe again, ſhe vouchſafed to lean upon Langley's arm.

arm.—Nature had from the firſt been partial to Miſs Snow; and maturer years had ripened her charms of perſon; as parental care, and her own induſtry, had improved the endowments of her mind. In few words, ſhe was a beautiful and good young lady.

§ 52.

After an hour's refreſhment at Langley's houſe, they all three returned to Richmond together, where William Langley met with a welcome from Mrs. Snow no leſs warm and tender than the one he had before received from her huſband and her daughter. Henry Snow, he was informed, had been bound apprentice to an attorney at Darlington, where he

he did ſo well, that his maſter, retiring from the buſineſs, left it ſolely, with all its profits, to Henry. Richard Snow had, to the great grief of his parents, thought proper to go into the army, where, as he was always of a quarrelſome temper, he had been engaged in a diſpute with a brother officer, and had lately loſt his life in a duel.—After remaining a few days, and they were days of happineſs, at Richmond, Langley offered himſelf in marriage to Miſs Snow. His propoſals were accepted; in the courſe of a month he was united to the woman of his heart; and we have the happineſs to find that they now live near Catterick, the pride and delight of their common friends; bleſſed in them-

themſelves, and an ornament to the world.

§ 53.

We will juſt add one concluding chapter, by way of informing our young readers that happineſs does not depend upon birth or fortune; it muſt be the reſult of prudent and virtuous conduct.—Much has been ſaid of the golden mean of life; that is, of a ſtation removed equally from extreme poverty and exceſſive wealth: perhaps it will be found that ſuch a ſtation is exempt from more cares, and in the enjoyment of greater comforts, than any other. Let it therefore be remembered, and with gratitude to that Providence which orders all things for the beſt, that this

this middle ſtation may be attained by the active and virtuous induſtry of thoſe whoſe births ſeem, at firſt ſight, to preclude them from it. Honours and affluence can be poſſeſſed but by few *; but contentment will ſmooth the ruggedneſs of the moſt thorny paths: and whoever peruſes the true Hiſtory of William Langley, muſt be convinced, that to be prudent is to ſecure eſteem; that diligence will not fail of its reward; and that to be good is to be happy.

* Both which, if properly applied, are doubtleſs of great and extenſive benefit.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM